

THE TREE OF THE KNOWLEDGE



PHILOSOPHICAL
POEMS

SORIN CERIN

SORIN CERIN – THE TREE OF THE KNOWLEDGE
- philosophical poems-

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2017

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**Critical appreciations about the
poetry of meditation**

PhD Professor Al Cistelean within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

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Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passionate, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

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Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated - pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions,

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making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

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The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

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For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

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Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

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I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

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It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new, some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of

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the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

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Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", à la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words

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lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

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He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness, / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises /

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and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make,
Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes
politicians, of the moment ".

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and
against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to
the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of
principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident
when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is
criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society
Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes /
hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp
sparingly each, Moment ... ".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation
to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific
words from the language of the great existentialist thinker
who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes
to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update
hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism
of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many
other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the
image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the
frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary
concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the
first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in
relationship through inversion with sense, again very
serious accusatory, like the one with address at
"monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such
poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of
man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what

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would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from

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Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the

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world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,
on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled,
with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human

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being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

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Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:

"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible

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map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence" has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine

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in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

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Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vineanu wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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1. The Tree of the Knowledge

Why did not God tell us?
that in the Tree of the Knowledge,
exists not other fruits,
than those of the vain Illusions,
on which the Existence sells them,
to a Past,
equally non-existent,
as is our Future,
from which we want to cook,
the food of the Happiness and Satiety,
in the Cemetery,
with name of Birth,
of a Creation,
of the Parallel Mirrors,
in which it is wasted,
without any Sense,
the Eternity,
looking itself in vain,
how much can it be of beautiful,
for a Nobody,
created from the flesh and bones,
of the Vanity and Absurd,
which will never come,
to meet her.

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2. To the dirty cuff of the Death

Could you ever,
to believe in a Destiny,
of the Freedom ?,
of to be, more than you,
a Forgetfulness of the Venom,
which has entered you,
in the veins of the Future,
on which we both fed him,
with the Kisses of the Day,
which has passed,
so long ago, of, the Promises,
of the Illusions of the Happiness,
from which we have done us,
a simple corner, of street,
of the Illusions of the Life,
from which to we delight,
the Death,
happier than it was to us,
the Existence,
of the buttons of the Addresses,
from the lost pockets,
of a Love,
what would not be wanted,
it to end us, never,
the Destinies,
to the dirty cuff of the Death.

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3. The whole Heaven of the Destiny

Leave my the Death, of you, in Peace,
even if it would be,
to cross my,
the whole Heaven of your Destiny,
on which I would have lwanted to swim,
drowning my the Past,
by me myself,
on which I can not let him to conquer my,
the Salvation,
of, which,
I have never been stranger,
on the Ocean of the Illusions of the Life,
and of the Death,
from which I broke my Existence,
for to anoint it with the Original Sin,
of your Smile,
scattered on the Face of the Morgue,
of Words,
said by God,
before he to be builds us, the World,
of our Love.

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4. The Star of the Divine Light

Illusion of the Death,
I did not give you,
Vestments of, Heaven,
as to clothe me,
with the Forgetfulness of this Love,
on which even and the Dew of the Gods of the Happiness,
would have wanted it,
through the Grass of the Moments,
unpicked by Nobody,
Never,
but which were waiting us to mow it,
for to we weave from it,
the crown of the Eternity,
on which we shall bear it,
at the wedding of the Destiny with the Immortality,
of the Star of the Divine Light,
which it would be lit, forever,
on the waves of the hot Blood,
of the Glances,
in which we would have remained,
an eternal Present,
and in no way,
a Memory.

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5. The Horizon of the Freedom

They shouted me, deaf,
the Masks of the Words,
so loud,
that it shuddered my Horizon,
of the Freedom,
on which I believed it,
more secure than ever,
in the Blood decomposed by the Sunsets,
and the Sunrises,
of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
on which it drank it,
until it understood,
that it is no longer allowed,
to make excess of food,
because they jeopardize its health,
as, in the end,
it to keep regimes,
increasingly drastic,
until Death told her,
that she is healthier than ever,
on the streets filled with corpses of the Words,
what still meant something,
for the Cemeteries of Dreams,
which have separated us,
of ourselves.

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6. The Hormones of the Times

Walls of, Smiles,
cross in hidden Glances,
they want to appease,
the Hormones of the Times,
too young,
for to become,
the Nuns of the Time,
who are wanton,
of so many Days,
Naked,
that it reached,
to it display the impotence,
of to satisfy,
even and the Illusions of the Happiness,
on all fences fenced,
of the dark Dawns,
from the blood of a God,
more indifferent, of ourselves,
His creators,
than His own,
Self,
whom wants to kill Him,
once and for all,
from the astral landscape,
of the Love.

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7. The seller of ourselves

The rheumatisms vulgar,
tear the flesh of the skinny Moments,
what barely they drag after them,
the grin of a Destiny,
whose whip was gnawed,
in so much,
of, the back of the Hopes,
that it has become a shadow of Unfulfillments,
what have become,
the statues of the Words and Un-words,
in which we bathe,
the bitter Mornings,
which they drink their coffee,
of the Illusions of the Happiness,
which do not serve us anymore,
because we no longer have,
not even a Smile, blind,
on which we should pay him,
on the counter of the Death,
which hired them,
as a Seller,
of ourselves.

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8. To be able to we die together

Heavens gnawed, of envy,
on the Eyes mangled, by the Blue,
of the Day,
lost in the blood of an Angel,
which can not save us,
from the Inferno debased from ourselves,
on the floor of the Destiny,
which it has stained it with the sweat,
of the Illusions of the Happiness,
in which and today we bathe us,
the Vanity,
to whose shelter,
we have retired us,
determined,
to be able to we die,
together.

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9. Which will be

The thorns for Salvations,
they are sold us by the Sins,
on the Wrinkles that have lost their Charms,
kept hidden by the Time,
for the Death,
from which we to create,
a fragment of Eternity,
which will be,
only ours,
where to hide us,
by, all Sacred Fires,
which grind us,
the Feelings,
which still cut us,
from the meat,
of the Moment,
in which we once thought,
as being,
Immortality.

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10. The makeup of some Smiles

The wings plucked,
from the Hinges of the Doors,
which open us,
the Zippers of the Words,
rusted and decomposed,
of the Eyes of Heaven,
in which we have lost us,
the entire youth,
of the makeup of some Smiles,
with which we painted us the Days,
to look as alive as possible,
in the World of beyond,
where we have us grown up,
the Destiny,
for as afterwards,
we to bury him,
under the cloak of the Separation,
of ourselves,
we who we have forgotten us,
aforetime than the ancient Times,
the Hopes.

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11. On the market of the Fuels of Words

The palms of restlessness,
pulled over the shutters of the Feelings,
they hit ceaselessly the Time
devastated by the drunkenness of the Inferno,
which always has arrears,
to the payment note of the Maintenance of the Love,
because the Sacred Fire,
is increasingly expensive,
on the market of the Fuels of Words,
which to can call the Truth,
at the other thread,
of their own Meanings,
of where to can us communicate,
the Illusions of the Happiness,
without the fear of to can to we be listen,
by any God,
who does not understand us,
than the Death,
for which he thinks we would have been born.

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12. How vivid can be to us, the Death

Clouds of ink,
lay down on the Wrinkles of the Words,
increasingly, deeper,
until,
the sheet of paper and so wrinkled,
of our Destinies,
becomes mangled,
by the letters what they seem to have chosen,
the monachal clothes of the Uncertainty,
becoming the Nuns who will announce us the Separation,
by the Eternity,
which I have suspected it,
that would hide,
somewhere in the corner of a Moment,
wandered, through the Heart of the Eyes of Heaven,
in which we were losing us,
the Illusions of the Happiness,
one by one,
until I have realized,
how vivid can be to us,
the Death.

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13. We have answered us to the question

The canvas of Dreams,
they go us toward nowhere,
the ships of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
wandering once with the waves of the Time,
which foams,
in his crises of jealousy,
to lost addresses of empty Moments,
of, ourselves,
the ones left, to we believe,
that in this World of Beyond,
can also exist and Shores,
on which to we want them with all the ardor,
of the Being,
in which we have incarnated,
the Feeling,
anyway they would have been named
either and, Truth,
even if we were convinced,
that he could kill us,
the Illusions of the Happiness,

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on which we breathe them,
until,
we stopped,
but not because there was a Shore,
but, because the Forgetfulness,
it had become to us,
One,
Single,
too Alone,
too true, of, Alone
that it was no longer remained,
nothing else,
around him,
not even,
we,
the ones who would have given, anything,
to can we wander in continuation,
even without,
to we seek for that Something,
called Shore,
about which only now,
I understood,

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that we will not be able to find out him, never
because his Soul was always without Answer,
and if we would ever have found out him,
even Incidentally,
we would have killed him,
forever,
but, we did not know that,
and we have answered us to the question,
Separating us.

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14. Towards the Walls of the Infinity from us

The splashes of the Illusions of the Death and Life,
dripping on the foreheads of Feelings,
spellbound by the Oceans,
full with the Illusions of the Happiness,
which, they carry us towards the Walls of the Infinity,
from us,
on which we do not manage to climb them,
long enough,
so that we can understand,
the granite from which it is carved,
the Love,
the only sign that will remain,
as a reminder,
of a Universe,
which will stop for a Moment,
at the crypt of our Destiny,
and will look with regrets,
the Eyes of Heaven, of the Statue,
on which the Souls have carved it to us,
and which once were alive and dreamers,
believing in the Eternity,
on which barely now,
they have acquired it.

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15. At the Flame of the Despair

The crocheted hopes with zeal,
at Morgue of the Words,
for to be carried,
in the Cemeteries of the Feelings,
where no longer are free places,
for the burial of some new Dreams,
in which they believed,
somewhere sometime,
some Hearts of embers,
which, after they were extinguished,
have remained, of the Nobody,
begging,
at the gates of the Questions of Wax,
which melt slowly,
at the Flame of the Despair,
the unique that brightens us,
the Way of the Truth,
through the darkness of the Vanity.

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16. Why all, how many are

The octopuses of Symbols,
they spread us the spiders of the Existence,
with the fetid smell of the Consciousnesses,
dilapidated by the World Religions,
for to rebuild,
the sanatorium,
of the Illusions of the Death and Life,
in which we will polish us, the Happiness,
killed by the mire of the Words,
in which we drown us,
the Despair,
to be unable to understand,
why all, how many are,
it may Happen,
so.

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17. Destiny, executioner

The rustle of Delusions,
they kidnap us even the Illusions of the Happiness,
which still have warmed us,
the guillotines of the Steps,
what they fell heavily, like the Word,
from the peak of the Hopes,
till very down,
in the Blood which was flowing like the Death,
over the agitated Dust,
of the lost Glances,
from us,
the disoriented ones,
on the paths without return,
of a,
Destiny, executioner.

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18. They will eventually graze us

We are born with the Gloves of the Destiny, cut,
by the sharp blades,
of the Illusions of the Life, Happiness and Death,
for to be obligated to we sew them,
our entire Existence,
on which the Time has sold it to us,
on a price of nothing,
to the Suffering,
who will give us the well-deserved note,
after our talent in tailoring,
of to create, the Vestments,
as attractive as possible,
to the Desperation and Vanity,
which, they will eventually graze us,
the whole grass of the Love,
which still rises,
in the Dawn of the Blood,
our.

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19. Over the Words lapidated

It's raining with stones
over the Words lapidated,
by the lost Glances,
to the roulette of the Destiny,
on which we can not recover them anymore, ever,
as they to wash us,
by the Original Sins of a God,
on which nor a Meaning,
built by us,
he can no longer accept Him,
so poor and forsaken, he reached,
in the prison of our bodies,
emaciated of any stain of Love,
which would have succeeded to color,
the infernal landscape,
of the Loneliness,
of ourselves.

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20. On the Heart of the Fatal Flu

The ravens of the Dreams,
they return to the deep night,
of the Blood that was boiling,
dreadful and defiant,
as Happiness,
and which promised us,
that it will never cool,
on the Heart of the Fatal Flu,
of the Separation,
of which,
we would never have wished, to get us sick.

The wings of the Heaven of Lead,
of the Word of Love,
they have broken,
over the Horizons of the Future,
which collapsed,
slowly, but surely,
over the foreheads of the Wrinkles,
digged as deep as possible,
by the Cruelty,

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of the Illusions of the Happiness,
which they understood that, just so,
we will be able to overcome Him,
on the God,
which,
after we have created Him,
together,
he has left us.

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21. The Love transformed into Destiny

Leave me Lord,
Death in peace,
so that I can conceive,
my Future,
on which I have predestined him to the Lost Illusions,
of the Steps of Your Consciousness,
of, God,
gone earlier from us,
the ones who, we did not deserve us, the Love
of the Thorns placed on the Doors of the Crosses,
which did not open anymore,
in the Cathedrals of our Hearts,
on which the Savior of Tears,
he could no longer wash them,
Never,
the beats, of, Divine Light,
in which we listened us,
the Love,
transformed into Destiny.

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22. Those who, we built our Truth

Do not tell me, that you can not die,
among the Tears of the Creation from me,
in which I found,
the Eternity.

And then when I have flowed,
through the Blood of your Future,
really, was it me
the one you were looking for,
through the Moments of the Death,
of ourselves?

Those who, we built us, the Dawns
scattered,
among the Cemeteries, of Reproaches,
which have built us,
the Truth?

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23. Building through the River of the Past

And you will be able to build me,
in the cathedral of your Soul,
on the Altar of Death by ourselves?
those who left from the Moment of the Eternity,
in which we have hidden us the Death,
more alive as Always,
on which we will not regret it,
then when we will become,
the Eternity,
of the Star in which we have hidden us the Luck,
not to catch him, Nobody,
Never,
then when, it flowed,
through the River of the Past,
on the meanders of which,
we have dried us the Glances of the Eternity,
from which, we decided,
to we put in order, our Destiny,
after the image and likeness,
of the wandering, of ourselves.

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24. In the drift of the Forgetfulness

I often asked,
the Vanity,
who am I,
in the face of the Illusions of the Death,
to whom only the Eternity,
it could give them,
a bit of trust,
then when the Cemeteries of Dreams,
in which I believed,
then,
when it covered us,
the bodies of the Words,
stuck in the mystifications,
of a God,
who was no longer ours,
they still could be discovered,
by the Original Sins,
of the Death from us,
Which, I did not know if,
they were still happy,
smiling to the tombs from the Destinies,
of the Moments on which we sailed,
in the drift of the Forgetfulness,
forsaken,
even by their own Time.

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25. The Scarf of your Dreams

Leave me the Soul,
wrapped in the Tower,
from the Scarf of your Dreams,
on which I have gathered them,
for to hang me the Death,
which was guarding my Destiny,
of the Eternity,
of our Past,
over which we have trampled,
the Existence,
from which I no longer wanted,
none of us,
to we longer build,
the Churches of the Dreams,
on which to exalt them,
to the Illusions of the Death,
from the ephemerity of which,
to we understand,
really,
the Vanity and the Salvation,
of this World.

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26. Which I believed them

You to hurt my Moment,
if he does not want to receive us,
in the Time of its Happiness,
equally hot,
as are,
our Destinies,
which, they want that we to be equally melted,
in the Matrices of the Future,
where we should,
to we complete us,
with the kneaded dough,
from the Stars of some zodiac Signs,
which I believed them,
to be ours,
although they deceived us,
with the Immortality of the Angels,
which were not ours,
those who barely,
they taught us to die,
on the riverbed where we washed us,
the Original Sins,
of some Churches of Words,
in which we have never prayed,
the Destinies,
they to oppose,
to the Suffering.

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27. The Moments of the Angels

In the depths of Darkness,
I'm wandering,
by, the Days subjected to Loneliness,
on which the Time wants to bury them,
in the Kisses,
of the lost Loves,
at the Lottery,
of which, the God fell in love,
on which I created Him,
he to be more than ourselves,
those who, we have killed,
the Moments of the Angels,
from which we boiled us,
the Blood of the Love,
humiliated by the Future,
in so much,
that,
became,
an Icon of the Churches from the Words,
to which we worship,
the Future,
on which we no longer recognized him,
then when we became, unearthed,
of all the Illusions of the Happiness,
of the Death and of the Life,
our.

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28. The Future beaten

How many Days would us have died,
after we hanged us,
the Moment of the Eternity,
in which we have hidden us,
the Immortality
of the Eyes of Heaven,
of the Freedom,
of to become a Word,
whose Meaning,
he to be able to swim,
in the Illusions of the Life and Death,
at the cross of which,
to we may cry us,
the Future beaten,
by the Winds of some Destinies,
on which,
none of the meteorologists,
of the Bibles of some Religions,
they do not seem to understand them,
without,
the Love from us.

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29. Full of Retrievals

Leave my the Illusions of the Death,
in the Peace,
of Beyond the Time,
of the Eternity
on which we have compromised it,
with the Illusions of the Happiness,
on which nor a Life,
it would not have understood them,
ever,
without the strait,
of the arms of Delusions,
full of Retrievals,
emaciated by me myself,
from the Kingdom without name,
of your Smiles,
from which I have carved me the Diadem,
which I will follow it,
to the infidel neck,
of the Steps on which I will follow them,
beyond the Life of the Meeting,
which has died us,
at the corner of the street,
of the Separation.

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30. The Angels of ice

And which clouds,
of the Words,
they would not have rained us with Memories,
if we did not succeed,
to we kill us,
the Angels of ice,
who they could no longer lift us,
above the Kisses,
from which to we rise,
the heavy and dizzying strength,
on which to we drink it,
from the flesh of the Heaven of your Eyes,
and the breath of the God,
on which we have created him,
for the gnawed steps by Longing,
of the Day,
which met us,
the Illusions of the Death and Life,
what they gave us again,
the Eternity
more without of Time,
and the Soul,
as Never.

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31. Whose Dimples

I wasted my Days of the Thoughts,
on the wings debased,
of the Waves of Tears,
in which I would not have wanted to longer believe,
then when I have drowned,
the Illusions of the Life, of the Happiness and the Death,
in the Smile of the Street of the Desperation ,
whose Corner,
it ends,
in the Cheeks of the Vanity of your Existence,
whose Dimples,
barely had begun to appear
cold and sad,
once with the Dawns of the Retrieval of the Covenant,
which gave birth us to the Incarnation,
in so many Commas,
that nor an Illusion of the Happiness,
no longer succeeded to give us the Quiet,
of which they would have needed,

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the Cemeteries of Words,
in which we were trying to hide,
the Truths of a Love,
on which I could no longer breathe it,
as being,
the Future,
on which the Destiny,
he would have predestined him,
to the Death,
to whom we were indebted,
with our own Births.

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32. The Crime of the Day

Put me the Crown of your Dreams,
over the Vestments of my Destiny,
in which we were going to drown,
the Eternity,
if it had not saved us from the Illusions of the Life and
Death,
the Crime of the Day,
which has slain his Savior of Illusions,
in which we've lost us the Destiny,
that could no longer kill us the Future,
after the good pleasure,
of a God we have built,
after the face and likeness of the Suffering,
which was given us, on the mountain of the Faith,
what, we will climb it,
alongside the Savior of the Original Sins,
of the Vanity,
of to no longer be us,
those thirsting by the Truth,

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of the Gods in which I no longer believe,
of longer than the ancient Times,
of the Churches of Words,
from which they have made their,
Sepulchers of Eternity,
the Cemeteries of the Years,
which have guided us,
the Paths squeezed by Venom,
of the Hatred,
from the Hearts of a Time,
of the Despair,
on which none of us,
we would not have wanted to slip,
we have us unclenched,
the clasped hands of the Feelings,
which have kept us united.

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33. We were ourselves, Death

Tell me, Lord,
how much hazard, still have it to pass on the Waters of the
Life ?,
so that we can understand the Meaning of the Illusions of
the Death,
from which we have dressed us, the Longing of Love,
with the Happiness of to live,
on the lips of the Chasms,
between,
the Windows of Heaven,
of the your Wishes,
on which I have them opened wide,
in the Dawn of the Divine Light,
of the Souls what have budded us,
once with the Sunrise of the Eternity,
on which nor a Shadow of the Past,
it could no longer hit it,
with the disenchantments of the Original Sins,
if it would not have been,
left as the Inheritance,
by a God,

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more demented,
than,
they could build Him,
the bodies of our Freedom,
on which we kissed them,
making Love,
believing that, when,
we swam through the Thoughts of the Desire,
of the Passion and Delight,
it's good,
to we build us another God,
without to we realize,
that we were hitting us by the corners,
of the Star of the Immortality,
what became,
increasingly colder,
towards us,
until I realized,
that we were ourselves,
Death.

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**34. In the arms gnawed by the Time of the
Immortality**

Who would have been our Past,
if we had not understood,
the necessity of the Death,
which to wash us the Eyes of the Forgetfulness,
with the Venom of the Freedom,
of to be the Heaven of the Salvation of a Time,
of the Nobody,
from which to build us,
the Paths cobbled ,
with Eternal Moments,
of the Destiny,
on which nor an Horizon,
to never succeed,
to catch them,
in the beaten palms,
by the Illusions of the Death,
of the Blood wasted,
of, the Death,
through which it breathes,
the Love,
from us,
wasting Eternity,
in the arms gnawed by the Time,
of the Immortality.

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35. To touch you, the Immortality

Cut me the Moments of Doom,
condemned by the Original Sins,
from the Days given to the Destiny,
only to I be able,
I to touch you the Immortality,
of the Eyes of the Windows of Heaven,
on which I want to open them,
from the Blood of the Future,
which boils,
for you,
in the Boilers of the Destinies,
from which I want to we escape,
until beyond of Eternity,
so we can sip the Star of the Immortality,
in the Dawn of the Glances,
on which we will tie them,
once and for all,
by the pillar of the Torments, of a Time,
which to no longer be able to run ever,
with our own Moments,
toward Death,
however difficult,
it would be,
to the Past.

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36. Cloths of wipe

Who sold us the meat of the expired Moments,
on the shop windows of the Creation,
so wrong,
that she did not leave to anyone the right,
to can defeat the Illusions of the Happiness,
of the Death or Life,
which to become cloths of wipe,
the alleys of the cemeteries,
from the Smiles wiped,
of on the broken windcreens,
of the Hopes,
bent with more untruth,
than it could encompass,
the Despair,
of the uncrowned gods of the lustful Loves,
from the ruined cathedrals,
of our Souls.

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37. The Original Sin, pair

Thorns of Questions,
they rape the salvific Moments of the Forgetfulness,
which, they intertwine crowns,
of perfidious Sacrifices,
for to be worn,
on the bent shoulders,
of the unfulfilled Loves,
because they have not found in this existence,
the Original Sin, pair,
whose Soul,
he to be able to be incarnated, in the Time,
of a Destiny,
no matter how corrupt or dirty,
only to give birth,
a story,
worthy of the Illusions of the Happiness,
where the Death to remains,
at least once,
indebted to the Life.

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38. The Words of a Creation

Glasses broken,
by the Days drunken, of such much Night,
how much they have been able to drink,
at the abandoned pub of a giddy Time,
which has banished from home,
all Times,
which could give him an identity,
no matter how of false,
would it sound,
on the cracked lips,
by the blizzard of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
where arise shrivelling and lacking pathos,
the Words of a Creation,
on which Nobody,
would not have wanted it,
Truth.

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39. Crushed unceasingly

Open gates,
only to those who succeed,
they to crawl enough,
at the soles of the Illusions of the Happiness,
burned by the murderous heat,
of a Truth,
over which it wafts the breeze of the Death,
from which we draw us the sap of the Existence,
forsaken by its own Destiny,
which would have dragged her,
in this ocean of Illusions,
where it drowned its own Times,
of the Reality,
crushed unceasingly,
by the wrecks of the Words,
in which we still hope,
that they will take us beyond the Realm,
where the Eternity can flourish,
without paying the expensive price,
of the Despair and Vanity.

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40. The Nonsense of the Creation

The bloodied nails of the Consciousness,
they still digging,
in the heavy and impassive Lead of the Existence,
after one Word,
forsaken by the Commas,
who have been their mistresses,
of so long Times,
full of the Wormwood of the Thoughts,
what they wanted to be embody,
in the multitude of Cemeteries of the Weddings,
killed through the ruined stone houses,
of the Tombs,
from the Eyes of Heaven Cloudy,
of the Illusions of the Happiness,
whose Horizons,
can never be touched,
by the unforgiving fingers,
of the Time,
after whose lattice
it hides the Moments,
The Nonsense of the Creation.

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41. The ticks of the Crossword

Let my the Death in peace,
so much Time as to I can not die,
before the Dream of your Destiny,
stung by the Regrets,
of the hungry Angels,
by the ticks of the Crossword,
of a miserable Destiny,
on which the existential Offenders,
of the Moments,
they do not succeed, neither now,
to catch him,
with his hand outstretched,
above the Death,
of our Love,
fallen into the nets of the parasites,
of the ransacked Hearts,
of a God,
who has lost at the Gambling,
of the Existence,
his Churches.

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42. The Vanity of a Salvation

The uncrowned gods of the Glances,
they pray to the Illusions of the Death,
to allow them to remain in their Eternity,
because it is no longer favorable to them,
the Immortality of the Illusions of a Life,
whose satiety,
torn the words,
until they have devoured them,
the whole Meat of Content,
for to be fried on the pyre,
of the Vanity of a Salvation,
of the Nobody,
as, finally,
to satisfy,
all the refined tastes of the Despair,
of to create a God,
after the image and likeness,
of the Empty Words,
from us.

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43. At the Holy Altar

I've put my Mantle of Stars,
what they seemed to write for us,
among many others,
and the Word,
I love you,
under whose roof,
we have sheltered us,
somewhere sometime,
the Destiny,
on which no rain of Moments,
it seemed that it do not understand him,
enough that,
to be able to steal the Heart of the Eternity,
to one of them,
on which to carry it,
at the Holy Altar of a Love,
which to can never be kidnapped,
by the Steps of the Compromises,
between Time,
and Death.

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44. Seems to be extinguished

It is so much Quietness,
in the deaf cry,
of the Sacred Fire,
which seems to be extinguished,
on the porch of the eyelids of the Word,
from which we have conceived us,
the Tear of the Future,
in which we drowned us,
losing us, the Star,
which did no longer waits us,
as to enlighten us,
the Path of the Original Sins,
on which we were wearing them together,
with the same wheelbarrow,
of the Despair.

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45. The Floors of the Angels of Tears

How much rain of Dreams,
it can still wet us,
the bleeding wound of the Time,
which was cut,
in the Promises prescribed by the Dark,
to the Night,
on which we will never find again,
in the same bed of the Illusions of the Happiness,
on which the Life had crossed them,
for us,
making us truly,
Bricks of Feeling,
for to be seated,
at the foundation of the Temple,
on which we built him in us,
at which to pray us,
every time,
the Dawn of the hot Blood of the Past,

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they to flood us with its memories,
the Floors,
of the Angels of Tears,
on which we just washed them,
of, ourselves,
for to be no longer so bitter,
then when they were drink,
in the coffee of the beginning of the World,
of a New Day,
which, in fact,
it identifies
with the Heart,
what it still hoped,
be able to beat the bells of the Destiny,
for a new wedding,
of the Eternity,
with the Divine Light,
which they longer remained to us,
through the empty wallets, of Moments,
of the Death.

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46. Lest they steal us

We breathe through the Illusions of the Death,
the whole Life,
which was compromised,
then when it accepted,
the proposal of the Original Sin,
of to keep us the light lit,
of the Star of the Vanity,
lest they steal us,
the Absolute Truth,
which faces the forces of the Darkness,
for to save the Eternities of the Moments,
with the Existential Nonsense,
of the Absurd.

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47. Burned as profoundly as possible

Landscapes of Questions,
are delighted, with the meat finely chopped,
of the Words,
burned as profoundly as possible,
on the embers of a Creation,
on which no Immortality,
can not bless her,
with the brilliance of the Star,
in which we would have wanted to escape,
from the back of the lattice of the Destiny,
which has imprisoned us,
the Future,
forcing him to separate us,
of ourselves,
forever.

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48. If still we exist ?

Scatter my the Demons of the Faith,
grinded of the Eyes of Heaven,
of the Icon of your Soul,
to which I pray,
to I be able to put it ,
on the cold and peeled walls,
of the Cathedral of the Stranger from me,
on which, I did not have,
never,
the courage to ask him,
if still we exist ?,
or we have died,
a while ago,
than all the Times,
one face the other one?

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49. Until it appears

How many chords have been polished by God,
then when he created for you,
the Song of the Eyes of Heaven,
what they looking at me,
and on which,
still singing him,
the Angels of the Hopes,
in the infernal noise,
of the Cascade of some Feelings,
which strikes with strength,
in the rock of the Soul,
of our own Existence,
using the hard chisel of the Destiny,
on which sculpts it,
until it appears,
the Ice Heart of a Word,
on which we would not have taken it into account,
if we had not fallen into the trap,
of the Illusions of the Happiness,
of some Lives and Deaths,

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on which we would not have wanted to recognize them,
Never,
how many times,
we would have reincarnated us the Days,
in the perfection so foreign of a Star,
which to become again,
the Profoundness,
in which another time,
I knew the Absolute Truth,
Loving us,
But, which no longer was,
long ago of an Eternity,
our Star.

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50. Lord

Flashed me the Passions,
Lord,
until I will calm the Dust,
with the smell of myrrh of the Immortality,
from which I to make me a coffin,
for all the Illusions of the Happiness,
on which I have grown them,
under the benefactress, Salvation,
of the Original Sins,
which they gave me the strength,
of to go further,
just as fresh,
as it was for us, the bread of the Faith,
which has no longer succeeded,
it to feed my,
the enticing mouths of the Moments,
which were ending starved of Love,
on the steps of Your churches,
Lord.

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51. Whole statues

I could not,
to I learn to ever discover,
the Mystery ?,
through which the Heaven,
became,
the opponent of the Dust,
from the Kiss of the Creation,
which imprisoned us, the Feeling,
condemning it on Life,
behind bars,
of the Illusions of the Happiness,
and of the Illusions of the Death,
from which we to weave us
enough of many Moments,
to the crucified distaff of the Destiny,
on which we should kill them every time,
with the carelessness of some Stones,
from which we could have carved us,
whole statues,
of Absolute Truths.

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52. After Vanity and Absurd

All the sand of Dreams,
on which the Time has sifted it,
through the Hourglasses of the Beliefs,
it would not be enough to me,
so that I can understand,
why the bit of Moment of the Illusion of the Death ,
is stronger,
than all the Years of Lead,
melted,
after Knowledge, Awareness and Feeling,
on which I gathered them in the bag gnawed by the Times,
of the Beginning and of the End,
of the Blood
which seethes in me
boiling,
after the Vanity and the Absurd,
of this World,
which turned out,
to be,
of the Nobody.

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53. Received in a gift

You have blinded,
of such brilliance,
shown through the Bibles,
of the dirty prostitutes,
from the corners of the streets,
with names of churches,
God,
of the Nobody ?,
that you have no longer reached,
to see,
the daily crimes,
of the Absurd,
for which,
you have created this World,
more wanton,
than it can be depraved
any imagination,
of our own,
Original Sins,
received in a gift,
from You.

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54. We have wandered us by the Hourglass

The bloody teeth,
of the Horizon,
they bite deep,
in the flesh of the Words,
after which,
we would have wanted to hide us,
the Despair of to remain,
eternally hungry,
of, ourselves,
mutilating the Days of the Hearts,
with the sharp blades of the Nights,
through which we have lost us,
we have wandered us by the Hourglass,
which it was destined us,
to can sift us, the Illusions of the Happiness,
until,
the sand of our Passion will be dried up,
from the Tear, dried,
of the Existence.

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55. Somewhere, sometime, in another World

No matter how many statues of Days,
we would have sculpted us,
at the gates of the Retrieval,
does not exists, no single Moment,
from the palm of which,
we to succeed,
to drink the Water of the Immortality,
on which we will transform it,
in the Star of the Divine Light,
on which we shall wander, at endlessly,
from the Universe, in the Universe,
until,
we will be ourselves,
a Star,
of the Eternity,
of a Love,
which to ignite Night by Night,
the lanterns of the Hopes,
in other Eyes of Heaven,

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which lose their,
the Remoteness,
some in the others,
sipping every Sunrise,
from the bodies of the Words,
whose Creator we were us,
somewhere sometime,
in another World,
but which, unfortunately,
it did not belong to us.

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56. At the Masked Ball of the Truths

Perhaps the Olive trees of the Peace,
were dried,
in the Garden of the Heaven,
because God,
he no longer cooking the World,
on the pan of the Existence,
at the Masked Ball of the Truths,
with their oil,
of trees, of the Divine Light,
and in their place,
were planted,
the Thorns of Empty Words,
what they took the place,
to the Word of the Creation,
because they can be used,
to the Crowns of the Saviors,
which are we,
those struck, stung,
cursed, tortured,

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by the Destinies of the Sufferings,
who have sold us,
even the last breath,
to the Illusions of the Death,
which forces us to build them Churches,
to which they to worship,
the Vanity.

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57. Only the Curse of this World

How many Repulsions,
were collected from us,
by, the Destiny,
until, the Death,
it understood,
that it has to teach us,
the map of the Alleys,
of all Cemeteries,
of Loves,
on which I have ever sought them,
when,
the Loneliness, of we ourselves,
would have become more bitter,
than the Creation,
of a God of the Nobody,
on which only the Curse,
of this World,
it could understand Him.

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58. In the tide, of the Freedom

We navigated,
on the waves of the Icons,
of the Words,
which have washed us,
enough of long ago,
the Tears of the Truth,
which they flowed,
in the tide, of the Freedom,
on which we have wrinkled it,
on the paper of our own,
Horizon,
whose Flow and Reflux,
of Feelings,
from the bitter Dowry,
of the Illusions of the Happiness,
on which, however much, we would have wanted him,
under the Pillow of the Future,
we could never touch them,
because they are built,
from the shrivelling Feathers of the Sunset,
of our Love,
on which we can no longer recover them,
from the Supreme Court,
of the Death.

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59. The wandered Death

Chains of Walls,
related to the Words,
partakers to the Duels of Feelings,
on which God has sown them to us,
as he to cut us, the Purpose,
of the Illusions of the Death and Life,
with the heavy and sharp blades,
of the Alienation by ourselves,
those forsaken,
of, Hearth,
of the Eternity
from which,
we would have stolen,
the Future,
on which no Past of the Passions,
full of Testaments,
of some Savior,
no longer recognized him,
through, the Churches,
of his Thoughts,

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of Angel forsaken,
by, his own Paradise,
of the Determination,
of to find us only through the Death,
wandered,
through the flowing Blood, of the Vanity,
in which we would have drowned us,
the Absolute Truth,
of the bars of a Freedom,
of the Nobody.

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60. I can burn

You thunder me with the Lightings of your Destiny,
to I can burn,
on the pyre, of the Feeling,
lit by God,
for your Heart,
what beats me,
so loud,
that the whole Horizon of the Passion,
was drowned in the Blood of the Sunrise,
on which the Day floats,
above the whose Moments,
we will sail,
towards the Endless of the Creation,
of a God,
created by us alone,
among the Words,
which they burn us the Meanings,
on the embers of the Glances,
which melts us the Eternity,
until,
we will become,
a single Star,
of the Immortality,
of an Icon of Absolute Truth,
hanging in the Blood of the Future,
our.

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61. The Chains of the Future

You splattered me with the tear of the Destiny,
as to drown myself,
beyond the Crying of a God,
on which we would have created him,
just to defend us by ourselves,
those killed,
by the Eternities of his Ephemeral Moments,
created at the drunkenness of Words of the Genesis,
on which I have braided them,
with the Longing of Happiness,
without we knowing,
how much we have been sold,
to the Illusions,
through which,
the Mistake,
of the Primordial Event of the Existence,
sold us to the Vanity,
with all the Love,
on which Nobody,
never,
will not be able to melt it,
in the Chains of the Future,
through which they to bind us,
the Past.

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62. Can longer give Sense to the Existence

The zodiac signs, gnawed by remorse,
they predict the Past,
whose pitch still more smoldering,
at the bloody Sunrise,
of the Separation,
what seems that barely it woke up,
and she looks at me dizzy,
of such much Sleep,
caught on the banks of the Water of Life,
which it flows,
roaring sinister as Sufferings,
towards the Illusions of the Death,
the only ones,
which can longer give,
really a Sense,
to the Existence.

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63. In front of the own Eternity

Bracelets of Tears,
they fall, asleep,
on the arms of the Clouds,
from the Wrinkles of lit ink of the Letters,
which are arched,
over the cold bridges,
of stone gnawed,
that crosses us,
the Commas from Glances,
what are flowing, dispirited
toward new Spaces,
where they think they will find its,
the Phrases,
which to respect them,
as he has never done it,
the indifferent Time,
which he was believed, more useless,
than all of our Hopes together,
in front of the own Eternity.

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64. Soul of Heaven

I invited my Birthday
at the dance of the Existence,
me being born, the Wilderness,
kneeled down in front of the Horizons,
which have always fed me,
with the Dreams of the Vanity,
what have reinvented me,
on the faces of the Prides,
wiped with the handkerchief,
of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
through which swimming even today,
in searching the Purpose,
for which to a Star bled,
the Immortality,
creating me,
a Soul of Heaven,
on which God will write,
with the Clouds of His thoughts,
how much he can love or hate,
this World,
over which often rains with Memories,
about facts that are no longer,
and nor will they ever come back again,
through the deep Traces,
on which no longer seeks them,
Nobody.

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65. The World of beyond, of the Words

We build,
we became the Creators of the Illusions of the Life,
from which we have created the Cathedrals of Passions and
Prides,
from the pulpit of which they preach us,
the priests of the Illusions of the Death,
about the Happiness and the Love,
which abounds,
in the World of beyond,
of the Words in which we believed,
to which we have worshiped us,
the entire Suffering,
we have polished them in some places
where it can be seen, how, the cold and inert mold,
of the Forgetfulness,
it had sprouted them,
it wanting to hunt them,
the Purpose
for which we have waited,
an Eternity,
as to we be born,
in an Eternity of the Lost Time.

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66. Who namely are we ?

Write me
on the Heart peeled by Time,
for to be broken,
at the Masked Ball of the Illusions of the Life,
where we lose us,
in the crowd of the Numbers,
without to we know really, ever
who namely, are we ?,
even then,
when,
we run wounded by Love,
on the cold and indifferent aisle,
of the Death,
of, ourselves
those who, we have burned,
just a glimpse of radius,
from the Star,
on which we believed it,
to be,
ours,
forever.

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67. The Salvation and Glory

Life is a rule,
of the predestined Disaster,
of to be a Human,
which to build him,
on the God of the Love,
after the face and likeness,
of the Sufferings endured,
by the bitter Days,
of the Steps grinded,
by the Times of the Inferno,
on which we founded him,
for the Salvation and Glory,
of the Hierarchy of some Clowns,
of the Illusions of the Happiness,
which preaches us,
from the existential pulpit of the Lottery,
the benefactions of the Death.

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68. After the deep Sleep

Bars of Meanings,
they hurt the profound Days,
of the Truth,
drowned in his own Illusion of the Death,
on which he can not to throw it,
beyond of he himself,
earlier,
as, the Heaven of the Word,
to be enlightened,
starting to run,
in waves of Regrets,
over the forehead of the Freedom,
which barely he woke up,
after the deep Sleep,
on which they had given it to him,
the Illusions of the Happiness.

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69. The World of the Fairy tales

Gods of the Consciousnesses,
they have lost their Paradise,
at the lottery of the Vanity,
where we played and we,
at the Great Pull of the Love,
in chests hot
of the Hopes,
happy to be able to believe in anything,
especially in ourselves,
without ever being able to find the Fulfillment,
which, it no longer waits them,
of before,
of to be the World of the Fairy tales,
whose Illusions,
they drink ceaseless,
Life, Happiness and Death,
without it getting bored,
ever by us,
as he did it,
the created God,
by, the Dreams and Wills which we have planted them,
in the bodies of the Hearts,
what have become the defective Clocks,
which, they no longer beat us, the Time,
Together.

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70. We prayed to shine

Ropes of Clouds,
have hanged the Time,
which killed us the Star of the Immortality,
in which we believed,
building it churches of Promises,
through which we prayed,
to shine,
up to the foot of the Mountain of the Eternity,
on which to we can climb it together,
in the same Tomb of the Happiness,
on which we have transformed it,
in a golden chaise,
drawn by the free horses of the Dreams,
over whole galaxies of Moments,
which to bless us,
with their immortality.

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71. Another God

We were alongside,
at the table of the Illusions of the Happiness,
as to lose us the Glances,
because in their place we wanted,
to we build us, the Souls,
in the palaces, of crystal,
of the Immortality,
becoming bricks of Passions,
which to support the Gates of Paradise,
to another God,
than the one we believed him that he would be able,
he to let us to stay,
Together.

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72. What am I

Loneliness,
of, God,
by me myself,
of Happiness,
of Life,
of Death,
of all the Illusions how many are,
are not,
and they will longer be,
give me back the trust,
in the Eternity of the Star,
of the Destiny,
which chose me,
from the dust of the Universe,
it to make from me,
what, am I,
I will be,
and I was.

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73. The Loves gnawed

The pride derelict,
on the insalubrious streets,
of the Illusions of the Life,
of the Happiness and Death,
are sold on nothing,
to the Loves gnawed,
of so many vain Dreams,
which have passed them the threshold of the Separation,
given on nothing,
to some absurd Divorces,
of the Questions,
remained, without Answers,
from the Heaven of whose, we build us today,
the Windows Open,
toward a Future,
as bright as possible,
in which not even the Hopes,
they can not believe it anymore.

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74. Labyrinths without the exit

Not the Death,
it is the one which kills,
but, the Life,
not the Love,
it is the one which suffers,
but, her Vanity,
lost by the Tears of the Despondency
on the dark street of the Destiny,
which have conquered this World,
in so much,
that it offered them in the gift,
the whole Time of the Stars,
which were leading it,
through the Labyrinths of the Non-sense,
without the exit,
of the Existence.

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75. A Candle of one Memory

Then when the Clouds,
have slapped the Horizons,
of the Life and Death,
with the storms of the Glances,
without Answers,
on the Wings of Heaven,
which always have asked them,
why they collapsed,
when still had so little,
up to the Star of the Destiny,
on which we to kindle her,
with the torch of the Feelings,
which still they burn on the embers of the Heart,
becomed,
a Candle of one Memory,
which melts slowly but surely,
at the Icon,
of the Illusions of our Happiness.

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76. The Dawn of the Pyre

So far away from me,
I found myself,
that I know,
that I will never reach,
until There,
without the Dawn of the Pyre,
of your Heart,
at which to I melt my,
the Lead of the Wings of the Vanity,
which have broken my Purpose,
of to climb on the celestial stairs of the Future,
until the Death,
which is waiting for me silent and cold,
on which to I can detach it,
from the frame of the Icon of my Destiny,
and to I throw it away,
in the Infinity of the Nothingness,
which created this World,
of the Original Sins,
of, which, none of us,
we would never have needed.

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77. Among the Words killed

Let my the Loneliness in peace,
and teach me to die,
among the Words,
killed,
by the Smiles of the Promises,
in which we bathed us,
the Questions,
for which we were born,
by the Death,
so dears of Life,
on which we never understood her,
at the Hora of the Illusions of the Happiness,
from which we have done us,
the Horoscope of the zodiac signs,
on which I have tied it,
to the Destiny's tree,
then when it was already dry,
by the Eternal Moments,
in which we no longer believed,
none of us,
that it will succeed,
he to bud,
ever.

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